

# The Spartan Wars: Rise of a Rebellion

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Summary: 10 years after the end of the Human-Covenant War, a new threat within the colonies emerges. When one SPARTAN III and his team get caught up in the rebellion it can only spell disaster. Can they find a way to win the war? Or will they die trying? \*First fanfiction! Please don't be too hateful!

## 1. Chapter 1

(A/N): This is my first real time doing a fanfic like this. I accept constructive criticism and I couldn't care less about flames. :p Most(if not all) A/Ns will be at the end of the chapter from here on out. Rated T for a reason!

Disclaimer: I do not own Halo. I'm just a fan, sadlyâ€¦

**\*\*Year: 2563\*\***

The hum of the \_Blackhole\_'s engines filled its lower levels, destroying any possible void of silence. Even with my helmet on, the buzz was incredibly loud. I had gone down there looking for some time away from the boring and action-less life I now led. I looked down at the glistening, newly polished steel floors of the ship and grunted. The \_Blackhole\_ hadn't gotten to see much of the war, not like I had either. She'd been a new model getting ready to be sent to the front just as the war came to a close. Similar to my story, believe it or not. I was eighteen at the time, full of fire and enthusiasm to fight the damn Coviesâ€¦but, much to my disappointment, the war ended, not even allowing me so much as one battle against our enemies.

It's been ten years since then, as difficult as that is to believe. I'm now 28 and the \_Blackhole\_ is on her tenth. After the Human-Covenant War ended, things seemed to calm down a bit. Sure, there were the occasional disputes between the former Covies and the humans, but other than that things were fine. The humans began rebuilding and are pretty stable right now. The Insurrectionists seem to have settled down too, for the time being. Nothing is really

happening anymoreâ€|and that's exactly my problem. Us SPARTAN IIIs and IVs have become the equivalent of an average policeman and are being sent on pointless missions that require no special skills or tactics whatsoever.

I leaned up against a trembling wall casually, folding my heavily shielded arms across my chest. \_No doubt someone will be coming down soon to inform me of another one of our "missions",\_ I thought bitterly, sending a heated glare at the floor. \_What did they think us SPARTANS would do after the war? Become average civilians? \_I chuckled to myself, knowing the irony behind that statement. We were SPARTANS now. There wasn't just some 'off' switch to that somewhere. It's not that we don't want to be normal and lead calm, quiet lives â€" it's that we \_can't\_. I closed my dark, chocolate brown eyes and let out a deep sigh. You aren't exactly promised an easy, or long, life as a SPARTAN.

\_Clank, clank, clank, clankâ€|\_

The sound of SPARTAN armor joined the engines in noise-making. They quickly entered the room and stopped in front of me. Slowly, I opened my eyes and lifted my head questioningly. To my surprise, my friend and team mate, Erika-D056, stood in front of me, a hand on her hip. "It took my forever to find you, Sai." She huffed, in mock complaint. I smiled behind my frost visor. It was always good to see her. Even though she was fully outfitted in her SPARTAN armor, I still found her to be attractive. Her blue visor, though basic, matched her cyan and orchid armor perfectly. Her recon armor gave her a tough, yet feminine look that shows off her personality. I couldn't help but stare at her.

Straightening up, she said in a formal tone, "D049, you are needed in the Conference Room on the upper levels." I gave off a smirk, despite her not being able to see it. I then nodded and stood up to my full height in armor of 7'0", about three inches taller than her. "Do I have the pleasure of an escort?" I asked, jokingly. Erika stifled a laugh and replied, "What? Have you not been here long enough to find it on your own?" I gave her my best nonchalant shrug and said, "Apparently not." Though I couldn't tell, I knew she was rolling her light hazel eyes at me. She shook her head in mock disapproval. "You should be demoted, D049â€|" She then turned on her heel and began walking off, going up the few stairs that led to an inner hallway of the \_Blackhole\_. "C'mon, big guy."

I began following her fleeting form, deciding to take my time. I was sure that whatever I was needed for wasn't urgent. Usually when we held meetings they were about something insignificant, such as a small robbery. Then again, it could just be the Commander returning from a meeting with a few other SPARTAN teams. I strode up the stairs, my armor clanking obnoxiously with each step. "Hurry up, D049!" Erika called from somewhere further down the hallway. I chuckled lightly. She was always so impatient with me. I skillfully wound my way through the weaving halls of the \_Blackhole\_, eventually reaching the Conference Room, where Erika stood outside the door, tapping her foot. Upon seeing me, she spread her arms out in a way that made her look like a giant bird ready to attack me. "Well it's about time, D049! If you had been even a minute later I would've had you sent back to basic training!" She cried out, kidding around.

I grinned at her as she motioned hurriedly for me to go in. The

advanced doors swung open automatically, revealing the large room within. The only thing inside was a large, white, oval table, some chairs, and the rest of our SPARTAN team, Team Hawk. That probably explains Erika's strange bird imitation earlier. Mari-C325 and Ryan-D207 sat on the right side of the table, while Nigel-D108 and Daniel-D223 sat on the left. At the head of the long table sat the Commander, Mitchel-C420, who was preoccupied with an AI that I was unfamiliar with. Erika-D056 darted across the room and took a seat next to Mari as if Mitchel were holding a Needler and was taking aim. That actually could have been her reason for moving so swiftlyâ€|

Just as she sat down, the AI left the room and Mitchel's full attention was now solely on me. His cold, merciless eyes pierced through his blindside visor as he stared at me. "Take a seat, D049." The Commander said in a harsh voice that turned the air into a thick fog of tension. I walked over to a seat next to Daniel, a friend of mine, and sat, not even flinching. Mitchel took in a deep breath and turned his icy gaze from me, beginning to speak again. "As you all know, I've been away for a few weeks on a business trip," a few of the team nodded acknowledgement. "That trip was about our team, specificallyâ€|" The air became choked once again as everyone guessed the more pessimistic possibilities. Nervous glances were passed around the room before the Commander cleared his throat to regain our attention.

"Have any of you ever heard of the FFS?" He asked, looking at each of us in question. When no one responded, he gave a light sigh and continued. "The FFSâ€|are a group of SPARTANs, multiple teams, united under a common cause; to allow SPARTANs free choice in their lives." He glanced around the room, making sure everyone was paying attention. "Meaning they want to separate from the ONI and UNSCâ€|" I heard someone gasp, although most of the others seemed fairly calm about the news. "They have personally asked for our team's assistance, but I did not want to make a decision without your opinions first." A few of the team seemed relieved we hadn't signed up for anything just yet, as this kind of thing would be seen as treason.

Mitchel began again, "The FFS goal is to win the war and create a new colony where the species is predominantly SPARTAN, as we wouldn't fit in with ordinary humans. More of aâ€|a sort of civilian SPARTAN." Civilian SPARTAN, huh? That would definitely be interesting. My eyes drifted to Erika-D056, who sat in her chair thoughtfully. A place where she could finally be safe from the gore-covered clutches of war, where we could be together with nothing and no one to stand in our way. Butâ€|before thatâ€|we'd all be in danger of a new war, and this time against our own kind. This would be my team's first time as a whole on the battlefield. If the FFS lost, though, while we were on its side, the consequences would be severe. Exile, torture, maybe even execution! But if we stayed on the side off the UNSC and ONI, Erika and I may never get a chance at true happiness.

I must have been too deep in thought because the next thing I knew we were voting. "â€|all in favor of remaining loyal to the UNSC and ONI raise your hand." Mitchel's voice cut a jagged line through my mind as I snapped back into reality. Only two of seven raised their hands; Mari and Nigel. It was clear where the choice was. Our risk was huge and the possible punishments for failure were devastating, but it was for a better future for the SPARTAN race.

Our war begins here.

A/N: Done! Like I said before, flames and constructive criticism are both accepted. :)

## 2. Chapter 2

Disclaimer: I do not own Halo.

Warning: This is rated T for a reason.

**\*\*Year: 2563\*\***

The meeting came to a close after that, and everyone but Mitchel-C420 and Ryan-D207, the Commander and Second-in-Command, pooled out of the Conference Room. Once he had exited the room, Daniel-D223 let out a light laugh. "Thought we were never gonna' make it out of thereâ€|" Nigel-D108, who had just walked past Daniel in his typical pompous way, scoffed, "Better be careful, Daniel. He may just call us back in there." I glared at Nigel as he continued striding down the east hallway. He had never been good at holding his tongue back in training and probably never would be, the smart ass. Daniel held his hands to his throat as though another meeting would kill him, which it just might. Daniel has never been one for meetings, deeming them "boring and pointless". Having two consecutive meetings in the same day may just do him in.

Erika-D056 then walked over, standing straight and tall, in a ready-to-fire-a-joke stance. "Welcome to the FFS, men. You do know that not many who accept this job live, don't you?" She asked, using a strong, commanding voice, unlike her own softer one. Wasn't that always the case in war? Thousands sign up, but few live to tell the tale? This would be no different. Daniel straightened up considerably, and replied, "Yes, ma'am. We know and accept any and all challenges or consequences we may face while serving the FFS." He then saluted her, most likely grinning behind his verdant visor. Erika copied the motion quickly. The duo held this pose for nearly a minute, bursting out laughing afterwards, as though they were balloons that a small child had accidentally popped.

I couldn't help but chuckle a little at their child-like behavior. After their jovial laughter subsided, Erika ripped off her helmet in a swift motion, holding it to her hip with one hand. Her face was strewn with perspiration and her light cheeks were flushed with a color that resembled a red rose. Her dark brown hair was latched on to her perfectly shaped face due to her sweat. Erika's slightly arched, short eyebrows gave her a gentle and caring look that would have made anyone want to talk with her. But the one feature that captivated me the most, though, were her beautiful, honey-glazed hazel eyes that seemed to hold millions of shining stars inside of them.

She smiled, her rose colored lips upturned so delicately that someone who didn't know her would think she couldn't snap your neck in half. "Ahhâ€|" she sighed. "It's good to finally be able to take that old thing off." Daniel, getting sick of his own stuffy helmet, then followed suit, saying, "If she gets to take hers off then so do I." His dark brown skin glowed with beads of sweat that trickled down his

face every few minutes. Under his seemingly pitch black eyes were deeply carved bags that made him look five years older than what he really was. There were painful looking gashes and scars surrounding his right eye where a Covenant terrorist attacked him two years ago on what was supposed to be a simple "mission". His black eyebrows were slightly burned off and sharply angled, fitting his rough look. His hair was buzz-cut, like most Spartan males I knew.

"Whew! That's more like it!" He huffed, smiling from ear to ear. Erika then turned to me, giving me the "puppy eyes" look while pouting in an extremely unprofessional way. "Will you take off your helmet today, Sai?" Her eyes held a pleading glow that most wouldn't be able to say no to, but I'm not "most". "No." I said flatly. Not receiving the message, she continued her childish routine, somehow managing to make her saucer-like eyes even larger. "Pleeeeeaaasse?" She tried again. Obviously, she needed further reasoning as to why I wouldn't remove my helmet. "It's better to be prepared." I answered shortly. It may have been a short and easy response, but it was true enough. You never know when you're in a ship loaded with highly dangerous weapons. Finally giving up, she stuck her pink tongue out at me and turned again to chat with Daniel, who had been standing by, mimicking Erika the whole time behind her back. The funny thing is, she didn't notice and wasn't suspicious of him either.

Daniel and Erika began talking casually as I listened silently. Their conversations were usually amusing and about the most trivial topics, completely irrelevant to anything involving the "missions" of the day. Finally, after a good 20 minutes of chattering, the communication between the two died down as it typically does after a while. "I'd better get-" Daniel began, being interrupted by the Conference Room's door swinging open, letting out Mitchel, Ryan, and the new AI. As the trio walked past us, down one of the many twisting halls, Ryan gave us a passing glance and nod, showing acknowledgement. Mitchel, however, made no such effort, acting as though we weren't even there. I watched the three as they continued down the hall. The Commander is cold, even for a Spartan. Then again, he had a team before us, back during the Human-Covenant War. He was the only survivor. The rest of his team? Gone. Killed. We believe his icy, harsh personality is a result of that.

After the three disappeared to somewhere else on the Blackhole, Daniel resumed speaking. "I have to get going, now. The Blackhole won't defend herself, y'know." He smirked, knowing the ship was fine. He then shoved his steel colored warrior helmet back on his head and began to walk off in a random direction that he would probably get lost in. You would think he would know the ship by now, after walking its halls almost every day. Erika placed her own helmet back on her head. "I'd better go, too. Mari is probably lonely by herself monitoring the ship's controls." She gave me a slight wave and took off in the same direction as Mitchel, Ryan, and the AI, tearing through the halls like a kid who had just discovered coffee. I allowed myself a small smile before beginning to ponder at what my team had just gotten in to.

Though I had voted to join the FFS, I had an uneasy feeling about what may ensue. A feeling that ensured a difficult path with no happy endingâ€|but I brushed it off as mere paranoia. Besidesâ€| I thought. It's too late to change my mind nowâ€| I would just have to trust them. I lowered my head, gazing at the metal floors. Who knows? We may just get lucky and win. I laughed inwardly. "Luck"

wouldn't save us from this mess. Only skill would.

\_Rrrrrâ€¦| Rrrrrrrâ€¦| Rrrrrâ€¦|\_

My head snapped up, staring at the ceiling as the ship began a deep, low rumble. \_What the hell is happening?! \_I thought as the ship's moans increased in volume. The lights lined on the \_Blackhole\_'s walls flickered, threatening to blink out and leave its interior blind. Soon, they too, were buzzing in rage, adding to the unimaginable noise that nothing could block out.

\_Rrrrâ€¦| Rrrrrrrâ€¦| Rrrrrâ€¦|\_

Suddenly, the ground began to tremble, attempting to throw me off my feet. Quickly, I rolled over to a wall, using it for support. \_What is this?! The apocalypse?! \_I thought, as the violent shaking continued. On top of that, the ship's AI, Theodora, began speaking, her voice echoing through the halls.

\_"FFS units are boarding the ship. Location: East Halls, line 857. All members of Team Hawk are to report to the Control Room on the Upper Floors immediately. Units are armed and marked as dangerous. Use caution."\_

Apparently, no one had told Theodora that we had decided to join the FFS. I grunted as I tried to regain my balance with the ship's ceaseless swaying. A few lights had gone out completely, while others still refused to go out. Somewhere deeper into the \_Blackhole \_I heard Daniel shout, "\_Goddammit\_" Knowing this was probably another one of those "boring" meetings that he despised so much. I chuckled, completely and utterly amused by his anger.

I, on the other hand, was actually interested to see who had come. I wanted to find out what this insanity was all about and whether or not it was worth it. I smiled to myself. This might be them coming to inform us of our first \_real \_mission. My smile broadened, which isn't an everyday thing.

It was high time I saw some action.

A/N: Done! Okay, I know this took a while to write and it sucks, but I promise you (hopefully) it \_will\_ get better! This is still only the beginning and I'm really, \_really\_ trying not to rush it and make a huge mess of it. I accept constructive criticism and flames (which will be used for campingâ€¦). Thank you to ghostleon and StargateFFWriter! I appreciate your support! A big special thanks to Jun no Otaku! I highly recommend reading some of her stories.  
:)

End  
file.